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The Test

Without doubt you've often noticed
midst the ever busy throng
Some man who had a story of hard
luck that lasted long;
A man who had a grievance at the
world and always whined
Just because, with rush and bustle,
it had left him far behind.
Oft he tells his plaintive story of a
fortune won and lost,
And he wonders at his failure as he
counts the bitter cost.
And the more you listen to him it
is easier to guess
That the cause of his position is—he
couldn't stand success.

There's a man who once was honored
with a high official place,
Who is now by all derided and con-
demned to deep disgrace.
When he took the oath of office he
intended to be square,
Do his duty to the people in a man-
ner upright, fair;
But his elevation dazed him and his
power turned his brain
And a sick, disgusted people wouldn't
stand for him again.
Now he says they are ungrateful, but
it isn't hard to guess
That the cause of his position is—he
couldn't stand success.

Some of this world's greatest failures
are the men who clambered high,
Who won fame and long attracted no-
tice from the public eye,
Then "fell down"—the worst of fail-
ures, for they never understood
That to win is not sufficient; they
must keep on "making good."
For the world is always watching and
applies the strictest test,
Which to meet a man must hustle
and perform his very best.
And the man who wins and loses, then
emits howls of distress
Stands before the world a "quitter"—
for he couldn't stand success.

Different

"Yes, sir; we court the widest pub-
licity!" exclaimed the beef baron as
he swung around in his chair and
carefully deposited the cigar ash in
the golden cuspidor.
"Publicity is courted by us, and we
invite any man or set of men to in-
vestigate thoroughly. We—"
"A gentleman from the Daily Bugle
to see you, sir," said the confidential
clerk, thrusting his head through the
door.
"Business office or editorial rooms?"
queried the packer.
"Editorial room, sir."
"Tell him I am very busy just now.
However, if anyone from the business
office of the Bugle, or any other great
daily, shows up, send him in at once.
We have a few full page advertise-
ments to give out at this time."
Turning again to his visitors the
beef baron resumed his protestations
of willingness to undergo the closest
possible scrutiny.

Both Ways

The citizen was kicking because his
party ticket contained the names of
several men whom he did not like.
"Well, did you attend the prima-
ries?" queried the party manager.
"No," admitted the citizen.
"Then you ain't got no right to kick
if you didn't take enough interest to
help make the ticket," said the party
manager.
The next year the citizen was again

kicking about some of the candidates.
"Did you attend the primaries?"
queried the party manager.
"Yes, sir; I did!" exclaimed the
citizen.
"Then you are in honor bound to
stand by the ticket. You ain't got
no right to bolt after participating in
the primaries."
Perceiving that the logic of the sit-
uation was retroactive the citizen
went home in a thoughtful mood.

Anticipation

"What's the matter with Bilkins
these days? He appears worried. Is
his business going wrong?"
"No. He's wondering if he'll be in-
vited to deliver a Fourth of July ora-
tion anywhere, and for fear he will
be he's trying to prepare an oration."

A New Version

Mary had a little lamb
With which she used to play;
She sold it to a packing house—
'Twas potted chicken, weiner wurst,
Veal loaf, pate de foi gras,
Minced ham, boneless herring,
Chipped beef, canned squab,
Next day.

Lucky

"Hurrah! My reputation's made!"
shouted the young physician.
"How's that?" queried the old
practitioner. "Cured some heretofore
incurable disease?"
"No, not yet. But I've discovered
a rattling good name for the next new
disease that is discovered."

Cured

The former citizen was wandering
around the old home town, renewing
acquaintances and asking after old
friends.
"By the way, what's become of Bil-
kerly? I remember him because he
used to be so loud in his denunciation
of those who were so presumptuous as
to criticize the corporations."
"He's our leading anti-monopoly agi-
tator now," said the village post-
master.
"Was he cured by the revelation of
graft that the magazines have been
making?"
"Nope. His house and barn burned
down and the insurance combination
made him settle for 75 per cent of the
face value of the policy."

Nothing Doing

"I have here, sir, a fountain pen
that excels anything in the foun—"
"Don't want it," said Editor Scratch-
erly. "Nothing doing here for you."
"But my dear sir," began the agent,
"I assure you—"
"Twenty-three for you," said Editor
Scratcherly, dipping his old pen in
the bespattered ink bottle and grinding
away on the week's heavy editorial.
"But let me show you what a time-
saver this wonderful invention is," be-
gan the agent. "By using it you save
all the time you now waste in making
your hand travel from the paper to
the ink bottle and back. In the course
of a year you will save hours of—"
"Skidoo!" shouted the editor. "Do
you want to deprive me of the only
vacation I get during the year? Twen-
ty-three, I said."
"Your vacation?" stammered the
agent. "I don't—"
"Yes, my vacation!" shouted the ex-
asperated editor. "The only leisure
time I have is when I'm jabbing this
old pen at the ink bottle and hauling

it back to the paper again. Now
git!"
Realizing that there was nothing in
the sales line for him in that vicinity,
the agent sorrowfully withdrew.

Fleeting Fame

"Strange how literary geniuses will
bob up, shine resplendent for a time,
and then disappear," remarked Read-
ing."
"Yes, I've noticed that. But what
called your attention to it?"
"O, I noticed that J. Ogden Armour
has suddenly retired from literary
pursuits."

Brain Leaks

Envy is the tribute small minds pay
to success.
It is better to ride a hobby than to
sit by the roadside and grumble.
Children may go the way you point,
but they are more apt to go the way
you lead.
When a man begins hunting for an
excuse for a mean action he can gen-
erally find it.
Some men let trouble drive them to
drink, but there are more men who
beat trouble to it.

There is something wrong about a
boy that does not take kindly to pow-
der burns and noise on the Fourth
of July.
There is something good in even
the worst of us. The packing house
proprietors have not yet put canned
German carp on the market.

This is about the time of year when
the ambitious college graduate dis-
covers that his diploma does not
prejudice the prospective employer
against him.

This is the season of year when
the weary professional man goes to
a northern fishing resort for a change
and rest. After disposing of all his
change he comes home to rest.

BIG GAME

Not long ago an ex-governor of
Michigan, a Cleveland capitalist and
several friends were in the big woods
near Turtle lake, guided by Sam Samp-
son, a famous hunter and trapper.
Sam possesses a gun with a barrel
five feet long, but once, according to
his story, he had a still longer one.
"It was a wonderful gun," he said to
the ex-governor. "I could kill a b'ar
as fur off as I could see 'im, an' that
gun was as knowing as a man. If it
hadn't been fur that it would never
ha' busted!"
"How did you break it?" asked the
hunters.
"I strained it t' death," said the
old guide, soberly. "I was out hunt-
ing one day when I seen a buck an'
seven does a-standin' close onto me.
I pulled up old Beetle—that's what I
called th' gun—and was jest goin' t'
let go when I heard an awful funny
noise over my head. I looked up 'n'
there was more'n ten million wild
geese a-sailin' over me. There I was
in a predicament. I wanted th' geese
'n' I wanted th' deer. At last I aimed
at th' geese an' let sliver. Beetle
must ha' knowed I wanted both, fur
that wus th' end of the old gun! Th'
strain on her wus too much, an' both
barrels busted. Th' shot in one of
'em killed th' buck; th' shot in th'
other killed ten geese, an' when Beetle
died she kicked so hard I was knocked
into a creek. But when I come out
my bootlegs was full o' fish! I ain't
never seen another sech gun as
Beetle!"—Lipincott's Magazine.

The republican board of public lands
and buildings in Nebraska, has made
a report white-washing the officials of
the Norfolk asylum for the insane,
against whom charges of brutality to
patients have been preferred.